THE AUTHOR OF "DEGENERATION" TELLS ABOUT HIMSELF.

. A Man Who Has Travelled All Over Enrope and Began to Write When He Was Thirteen - His Appearance and His Way of Life - His Books and Plays.

PARIS, Aug. 1 .- "Air and light are all the luxuries one can hope for in a city.' It was Max Nordau who said this as, drawing aside the curtains of the windows of his sitting room, he pointed out onto the broad and sunny

This apartment is situated in the house, No. 24 of this most fashionable of Parisian avenues, and is on the first floor, just above a wine shop. Opposite is the palatial abode of the late Mei-sonnier, and in the neighborhood are the studios of many other celebrated artists.

Avenue de Villiers.

On a little plate on the door of the apartment are the words "Dr. Max Nordau," for although the author of "Degeneration" is an artist also, his primary occupation is that of a working physician.

"I spend my days," he said, "in paying visits on my clients and receiving visitors. In the Intervals I attend to my journalistic duties, for I am the Paris correspondent of the Vossische Zeitung of Berlin, and I also contribute to the Frankfürter Zeitung, writing on all subjects. It is not till after dinner, that is to say, at about half-past 8, that I sit down to my table to write my books. I then work till 11 o'clock or midnight, as the inspiration goes,"

One waits for Max Nordau in the drawing room, which looks out on the Avenue de Vil-Hers by two windows, and is furnished in yellow satin. On the mantelplece is a bust of the director of a Parisian musical society, La Trompette, and on the walls are some oil paintings. including three portraits of Max Nordau, his mother, and his younger sister, who form the family. There is a piano heaped up with music between the two windows; and the whole impression is that of the sunny and cheerful sitting room of middle-class people of simple and unpretending tastes. The one circumstance that reminds one that he is here in the abode of an anthropologist of no mean distinction is that on a large table in the centre of the room are two piles of portraits of various people of fame and in high social position, issued as supplements to a London weekly periodical, "I like to study faces," says Max Nordau; and that is why he has collected these otherwise uninteresting presentments.

The Doctor's consulting room and study adjoins the drawing room. It is a corner room, and has three windows in it. Against the window which is let into the corner of the house stands Max Nordau's nesk, which is covered with books and papers in some disorder. There is the portrait of a friend in a frame, a thermometer, and a pile of exceedingly thin foreign note paper. The large inkstand is filled with violet ink, and in the pen tray lie pens of exconding fineness. There is a bookcase to Max Nordan's left and another to his right as he sits at his table. The bookense to his left is entirely filled with copies of the various editions and translations of his numerous books. In the bookcase to the left are dictionaries, books of reference, medical works, and, in the place of honor, dedicatory copies of Lombroso's treatises, "Lombreso and I are great friends," he says, though we do not agree on all points.

Max Nordau's study is that of a hard-working man of letters, but it is not altogether without the paraphernalia of a medical man. On a little table by the window to the left are various surgical instruments, forceps, test tubes, and such, while in front of the bookcase to the right is a long couch for patients to lie upon.

Though only forty-six years of age, the author of "Degeneration" has white hair and white heard and whiskers. Not that he looks an old man; the contrary, rather. He is full-bleeded and vital, hearly and happy, with a charming urbanity of manner, which is by no means attogether professional.

NORDAU'S PARENTAGE,

"I was born in Pesth, of very poor parents," he said, "on July 29, 1849. I can well remember the house, a small rustic house in Queen's street, as it was called then, now known as Petpefy street. My father was a Prussian, my mother was from Riga, in the Baltie provinces. My father, who originally had been a rabbi, came to Pesth as a tutor to Jowish children, and among his pupils was Adolf Fischoff, the revolutionary leader of 1848. He was a monof considerable ability, wrete a Hebrew grammar, and translated the Ecclesiasticus with commentaries. He wrote peems in Hebrew, and published certain plays in German, which—well, though I am his son—I mow appreciate at their value. My father was my first tutor, and it was from him that I learned my first Latin. Greek, and Hebrew, though I cannot say that I made much progress in the last language."

Max Noption was avery precoclous child. He mother was from Higa, in the Baltic provinces.

progress in the last language."

Max Nordau was avery precoclous child. He could read at the age of 4. "Unad," he continued, "a stern, an austere childhead and youth, for we were very noor. My only amusement consisted in reading, and I read voraciously. It was desultors reading to be sure. The first work of fletion I ever read was "Midshipman East," which inspired me with a longing for adventure and travel, which I afterward was able to realize, and gave me a high opinion of firstsh pride and British tenedity. I read "Midshipman East" in English, for part of my education was English. ous child. He

education was English."

A WORKING JOURNALIST AT 16.

He began to write in 1862, and already in 1853, that is to say, when he was only 14, various poems, essays, and tales of his were published. "It was not, however, until 1855," continued Dr. Nordau, "I was then 15, that I began to make money with my pen. In that year I was the principal collaborator on a paper called Der Zarechemet, at a salary of 30 florins, or \$12, a mouth, with which I kept us all. Lwas at school at the time, and spent my leisure hours at work for this paper and my evenings at the theatren my stail as a dramatic crite. I looked so young that often a kind-hearted old compositor offeren to escort me home at nights from the printing office me, the dramatic critici-for lear I should lose my way. Any time that I had to spare from my studies and my journalistic work, I employed in giving lessois. We needed every panny I could carn, for my father, mother, and sister were entirely dependent on me. It must have been about this time that I wrote my first long work, a satirical poem is ten cannot, entitled "Deutschland," I may remark that It has never found a publisher. I remained on her Zuischemet until I left school, and at the age of eighteen, having entered the University of Pesth as a student of medicine, I joined the staff of the Pether Llogd." A WORKING JOURNALIST AT 16.

Max Nordau was deing well at this period in his career. "My salary from the Posther Liopt was \$100 a month," he said, "and I made about as much more as contributor to the Posther Lettang and other newspapers. An income of \$200 a month is quite a fortune in Pesth, and I saved a great deal, for I had made up my mind that as soon as I could afford it I would take a long holiday and see the world. I had nothing to hope for in Pesth. I was considered a German, a foreigner. As a foreigner I had no chance. The Hungarians hate the resident Germans, even if these he natives of Germany, and indeed have often tried to denationalize them. Besides, I had encouragement to continue a literary career, for I feit myself a rich man. SETS OUT TO SEE THE WORLD.

continue a literary career, for I telt myself a rich man.

"My father died in 1872, having enjoyed two or three years of luxury. I took my degree in 1873 as a doctor of medicine. My degree in the University of Paris was obtained in 1882. As acon as I had taken my degree I went to Vienna, discharging my conscription duties as a medi-cal surgeon and acting, at the same time, as correspondent of the Pesther Lloyd on a salary of two hundred dollars a menti. From Vienna correspondent of the Festher Lloyd on a salary of two hundred dollars a month. From Vienna I went to Berlin and studied under Vinchew and waiked the hospitals, studying general reciciose. In 1874 i paid a two months viett to Eussia, partly as a journalist viet to Eussia, partly as a journalist sind partly to see the hospitals in such towns as Moscow, Kiew, and Petersburg. Thence I went to Sweden, Norway, and Jernmark, and afforward to England and Ireland, with the same purposes in view. I contributed articles on social life, literature, art, and hospital life to my paners into wrote on medical questions in the Units Mode morber Wacken-Schrift. It is a feather in the cap of a medical man to contribute to this publication. These tours were effected on my savings.

man to contribute to this publication. These tours were effected on my savings.

Otherwise the most came to make Money.

I was studying all the time, learning languages, mixing with all classes of people, studying the life and deributes of each country lyisting hold of old books, seeing theatres and it exhibitions in the various towns. I think I made tood use of my rambling, which occupied my life between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-seven. I did not care to earn money. All I wanted was to heap up malerials, to study men and nations. I returned home to Pesth in 1816 and book my mother and sixter, where it continued to study my mother and sixter, it is thanks to this that I have been able to predict any time and it is the and the work of the last word of an allowance and went with them to l'aris, and the work of the last word of an all is a sout equal to the work of the last word of an indicating the same of the last word of the las

Duncker & Humbiot, from whom I received 1,000 marks after the first celltion had been sold out, and a further 2,000 marks on the second edition. The book was much attacked in France, as it was supposed to be a retort on Tesot's 'Pays des Milliards.' No doubt these attack helped the book, for the first edition of 1,200 copies was exhausted in six months, and the book was translated into Italian, Danish and Swedish, Dutch and English.

THE BOOK THAT ESTABLISHED HIS FAME.

NORDAL'S FINE MANUSCRIPT.

NORDAU AS A NOVELIST.

in the sale of a box of eels, weighing 156 pounds sent from the south shore of Long Island to a wholesale dealer of this city. The fisherman A PRINCICAN, A LECTURER, AND A DRAMATIST.

"In October, 1878, I returned to Pesth with the intention of settling down there as a medical man, I had now a certain reputation. The financial results of my first three or four months were simply astounding. But I was disgusted with the social life there and the number of hypocrites I met, Germans who pretended not to speak German, but shammed to be Hungarians, lending themselves to a lie, a national lie. No German Tan live in Festh unless he acts this lie, without it no social intercourse is possible. You find yourself in a drawing from it a German family. Everybody is speaking German. Suddenly a Stam Magyar is announced. Everybody pretends to be Magyar and tasks Hungarian. It was sickening. It disgusted me and drove me away from Festh. I then went to Germany on a lecturing four. My lectures were prepared by walking about with my central idea in my mind, thinking out deductions and illustrations. My experiences as a parliamentary reporter helped me to speak. I have a natural gift for public speaking. You see I have the advantage of being very short-signited, so that large audiences do not intimidate me, because I can't see them. All I see is a few heads in the front row of the stalls, and it is to those I address myself, I usually pick out one of these and hammer away at what I am saying, until his countenance shows me that he has understood and is convinced. When, owing to the front row of stalls being too far away, I could see nolody, I got muddled, spoke long and clumsy phrases in fact, 'made a mes of it,' My Faust and Don Juan' iecture was a very great success. After I had delivered it in Frankfort I received invitations from 112 German fowns to come and lecture. I could only accept a few, but for years afterward I had to refuse invitations. As a lecture is pent part of 1878 and the autumn of 1879. I used to receive from \$50 to \$75 a lecture and all found, and here again was able to save money.

"In 1880 i returned to Paris and decided to fix myself there. I con A PRYSICIAN, A LECTURER, AND A DRAMATIST who gives the facts has followed his calling for In October, 1878, I returned to Pesth with intention of settling down there as a medinearly fifty years. Every year he sets upward of 100 cel pots. He sends to market only cels of a selected quality, those of a weight of between three-quarters and one pound, the most desirable size for culinary purposes. At a period when cels command the price he sent to the dealer who sells his catch the box of cels mentioned above, the product of efforts of several days. For this quantity of cels be received in cash from the dealer the sum of \$4.56. Out of this he expended 25 cents for ice in which he packed the ecls, and the same amount for freight charges, leaving him a net return of \$4.0%. At the time this box reached the dealer cels of the same quality were selling at retail in Washington and Fultor markets at 18 cents a pound. The price paid by the consumer for what brought the producer only \$4.06 was therefore \$28.08, and the middlemen reaped a profit of over 300 per cent. The percentage of loss in even so perishable an article centage of loss in even so perishable an article as fish is now reduced, through the use of refricerating processes, to almost nothing, and consequently the gains of those who stand between fishermen and consumers suffer no diminution through deterioration of wares. There is no question that edible fishes are year by year becoming less plentiful. So it is evident that dealers must content themselves in the near future with less formidable profits or fish will be beyond the reach of the poor. New York and Paris are now the largest con

sumers of the edible, snall. Chicago, which claims to be the gastronomic centre of the world, has so far fought shy of this mollusk, possibly on account of its habits of hibernation, which are antipathetic to the instincts of a town so wide awake. The St. James's Gazette of London, in an article on "The Queer Food of France," says of snails that they are by no means universally looked upon as a dainty in France, and that their cultivation is mainly confined to the provinces of Burgundy. Champagne, and Politiers, whence Parls and New York are supplied. Great care essential in furnishing them with suitable food, masmuch as they retain the perfume of the plants upon which they food. Cases are not unknown of snails that have eaten of noxious plants causing death to consumers. For this reason, even when fed upon selected food, they are always purged beconsumers. For this reason, even when fed upon selected food, they are always rurged before being cooked. As an added precaution, they are usually gathered in the winter, when their shells are closed. Many Frenchmen eat them raw, mainly as a medicament in diseases of the respiratory organs, gastric troubles, and anaemia. Generally when used for medicinal purposes it is in the form of a soup or a syrup. The use of smalls as a medicament is unknown in this country at present, although they were frequently employed for this purpose by earlier generations. It is as an edible that they have within the past few years attained a great vogue in New York, either prepared at a penditte or a la bearquinonne. The first, which is generally preferred in private families, is concocted as follows. Boil the smalls in water containing wood ashes and a little salt until easy of removal from the shells, then wash them several times in cold water and drain. Put them in a succepan with a morsel of hutter, drecke with flour, and moisten with a little stock or white wine, adding a bunch of the herbs and mushrooms. Cook slowly for an hour; add the yelks of two or three eggs, some juice of lemon and fried bread crumbs, and serve het. The second method, that usually employed in restaurants and lelicatessen shops, is as follows: Hoil and "During the next two years," continued Max Nordau, "I published nothing but in 1882 and 1883! wrote my "onventional Lies," It was this book which firmly established Max It was this book which firmly established Max Northau's reputation, not only as an anthor, but as a philosopher. It has had great success, having, indeed, been the German book which has been sold in the greatest number. Up this now more than 55,000 copies have been taken up of the German edition. It has been translated into every Europeau language, and it has formed the besis of a whole chapter of contemporary German literature. About this much discussed book more than ten voluminous books have been written, some supporting the author's theories, others contesting them with virulent vigor.

NORDAU'S FINE MANUSCRIPT. "The manuscript of this book," said Nordau, producing a thin volume of manuscript, neatly bound in a cover, "will show you what was my concentration of spirit while I was writing it." The writing is exceedingly fine; on some pages it is almost interescopical. The printed book consists of 420 pages; the manuscript book only contains seventy-six pages, some of the pages of manuscript gave eight printed bages. method, that usually employed in restaurants and delicateseen shops, is as follows: Boil and extract the snails as described above, chop then fine, as well as parsley, onion, a little garlic and mushresoms; season with pepper and sait, add-ing a little butter. Fill the shells with this stuffing and dust with fine bread crumbs. Then cook in a dish containing a little white wine for half an hour. White wine is usually served with snails.

GASTRONOMIC NOTES.

script book only contains seventy-six pages. Some of the pages of manuscript gave eight printed pages.

Nordam sends all his manuscript as it is written off to the printers, and has it sent back as soon as the work has been composed. He then has the complete manuscript bound up into a volume, joining the "takes," into which the original pages have been cut, with pieces of stamp edging. He can tell by the look of his writing what degree of concentration of spirit he had reached while writing such or such a passage. "The Paradoxes," which he wrote in 1884, is a printed volume of 444 pages. The manuscript is contained in 65 pages.

"This book, like "The Conventional Lies,' has been translated into every language. Personally, I consider it the best book I have ever written. It did not sell as well as "Conventional Lies,' however. Up till now I think 25,000 copies have been bought. In 1885 I published a selection of my Paris betters to the papers. In the meanwhile I was occupying myself with the study of neuropathology, to which I was irst initiated by Prof. Ball, whose lectures at St. Anne I attended for years." The Pall Mall Gazette, in an article on housekeepers, does justice to an office which it says requires of a woman the same qualities that are necessary to make a good statesman-cool judgment, equable temper, and a grasp of details, however small. The average woman, the Gozette contends, in order to develop these qualities needs to have the companionship of man, to live with him in the marital relation, and to be responsible to him for his daily needs and comforts; left to herself, free from pline of male domination and needing only to provide for her own wants, she will shirk the cares of housekeeping and maintain herself upon the most meagre diet, mainly one of toast and tea. As regards the profes-sional housekeeper, who is held to a strict Max Nordau wrote his first novel in 1887. It is entitled "The Century's Disease."

"This was a study in the form of a novel in two volumes of the madness, the pessimism, which are the characteristics of the latter part of this rectury. My hero is a pessimist, a accountability, and is called upon to provide annually 1,095 appetizing meals for a family annually 1,005 appetizing means for a family and satisfying ones for the domestics, to make the servants do their best work and to prevent jars and bickerings among them, she requires an amount of fact, character, and kindliness never found in the second-rate woman that the housekeeper is supposed to be. She must be cheerful, prompt and calm in emergencies, good tempered, and patient. The household over which she has supervision must be so or of this century. My hero is a pessimist, a modern Hamlet, for Hamlet, in my opinion, was nothing but a neuropath."

This book has also been translated into all the languages. "Which proves nothing," says Norday, "A bud book may attract universal atlanguages. Which proves hothing, says Nordau, "A book hook may attract universal attention, and a good book may be entirely passed
over. I cannot congratulate myseif on the publication of my first novel, for it poisoned two
years of my life. I had submitted the manuscript to a publisher from Leipzig, who called
on me in Paris and asked me for it, and
he literally stole it, ran off to Germany,
published it, and managed to sell four thousand
copies at three dollars before I could assert my
rights. He then absconded without paying me
a penny. It was not accordingly, till 1891 that
I published my next book. This was a second
novel, entitled "The Comedy of Sentiment,"
which describes the loves of a coupie whe are
duping both one another and themselves." It
was followed in 1892 by a volume of short
stories, called "Soul-Analyses," or which many
versions have since been issued.
"DEGENERATION" AND HOW NORDAU CAME TO canized that the whole thing will go on by itself for a time at least. That the possession of such qualillness the whole thing will go on by itself for a time at least. That the possession of such qualities is rare in any woman the cazette holds to be true from the fact that the owners of large town and country houses in England are constantly on the lookout for this ideal house-keeper. Such a woman will easily command an annual salary of \$1,000, if not more. She is treated with great respect, she has her own anartments in which her meals are served, her hours of labor or duty are reasonably brief, and she is not expected to hold other than official relations with the domestics. The demand in England, and the same is probably true of this country, for this type of professional housekeeper far exceeds the supply. This is so pronounced that in England daughters of clergymen and other women of the same social position, who were formerly trained to become governesses, are now fitting themselves to secure employment as housekeepers. A field perhaps not so large, but as remunerative, is now open in the same direction in this country to women who possess the qualifications described above.

The question of what people of moderate means are to drink with their meals is of almost as much importance as the proper preparation of food. There is no doubt that a mild stimulant when one dines is not only conducive to a proper enjoyment of a repast but also assists the processes of digestion. The use of wine, beer, or cider at meals even among the very poor s universal in Europe, and is regarded as positively essential to their complete enjoyment. Now that the manufacture of wine in this country has assumed large proportions there is no ceason why the native product should be sold reason why the native process by any but people at prices that preclude its use by any but people its use by any but people in peans. Good native wine at prices that preclude its use by any but people of more than average means. Good native wing at a very moderate price would surely take the place of the wretches stuff called beer that the place of the wretches stuff called beer that the place of the writches stuff called beer that the substitution of the former might possibly effect a reformation in the methods of making the latter. There has never been devised a more agreeable, mild tonle liquid stimulant to accompany a meal than sound, honest beer, brewed from barley mait and hops, but those who habitually drick at their repasts the beer now commonly made in this country, in which rice, gloose, corn, and other substitutes are employed for barley mait, and various drugs take the place of hops, and bicarbonate of souls freely used to cause effervescence, are doomed to suffer from gastric disorders.

duping both one another and themselves." It was followed in 1892 by a volume of short stories, called "Soul-Analyses," of which many versions have since been issued.

"DEGENERATION." AND HOW NORDAU CAME TO WHITE HT.

"Then came 'Deceneration,' originally published in two volumes. It was written from December, 1891, to April. 1893, with steady, regular work. The manuscript, you see, consists of 330 pages, of not too small writing. What chefty prompted me to write this book, was that I was irritated at being always spoken about as 'The Author of Conventional Lies.' I hate being naited to a specialty and said to myself that I would disassociate myself from the specialty which was associated with my name.

"Degeneration" has raised up innumerable enemies to me. I had a proof of this by the way in which the critics in Berlin dealt with my play 'The Right to Love,' which I wrote after 'Degeneration' and dedicated to my excellent friend, Mme. Novikoff. Day after day they attacked it in their papers, and eventually, that is to say after sixteen performances, succeeded in killing it, in Berlin at least, it was played with better success in seven or cipht other German towns, and was also very favorably received in Milwankee, where it was performed in German. My object in writing it was once more to disassociate my name from the fresh specialty which people were associating with my name. People were speaking about me as a philosophical writer. I wanted to show them that I could write plays also.

"I was not discouraged by the reception of my 'Right to Love,' and in 1864 wrote a play called 'The Fall,' I twas produced at the Lessing Theatre, in Berlingion the 31st of October. After the third near the was called seven times before the curtain. I did not hear among all the audiances one single sound of disapproval, although the anderces at the Lessing Theatre, in the author was much embraced. But my enemies had not forgotten' Degeneration, and next morning twenty out of twenty-two papers declared that no such filth had ever The Paris newspapers have of late been speaking frequently of the entertainments of an American woman of large wealth who recently married a French count. This couple have re-mained in Paris at a time when most of the people of fashion have departed for seashore or mountain. To those who remained in town the mountain. To those who remained in town the defencers of the counters in question have growed a vertrable surprise in the way of gastronomic completeness. At one of these breakfasts, given on July 1s, even Parishans accustomed to culturary excellence and heavily of table decorations were quite bewithered by the lavish display of gold plate, old Bresden chira, and rare flowers, while the cooking was pronunced by the conneisseurs to be of exceptional merit and distinction.

Probably the most complete gastronomic faatic that ever lived was the Count de Bronissin. All special dishes be cooked himself. His chef was merely his assistant and was not considered competent to manipulate the Count's concocons, the flavor of which was so subtle that he believed that if they were placed upon a table absolutely level their integrity would not absolutely level their integrity would suffer. Of mushrooms, he contended that their flavor was improved by being tradden upon by the hard of a indie, of which he claimed to distinguish the taste in fung; so crashed. He was able to disquise the natural aroma of fish, flesh, or fow so that one could not be distinguished from the other. When he hanneled one of his new gastronomic inventions it was made an occasion of great solemnity. Famous hons rirands were invited to taste of it, and its merita were discussed with the carnestness accorded to the consideration of a famous work of art.

MANY SHARKS IN THE BAY.

The excessive prices paid by consumers for certain aliments are illustrated preeminently in SEVEN KILLED BY ONE BOAT AND the case of fish. An instance in point is found TEN TAKEN IN A NET.

Fisherman Murray Robbed of Batt His String and Nearly Upset by a Big Fellow -A School of Sharks Caught in a Seine-Fun to Be Had by Letting the Sharks Tow You-The Equipment Needed, The weakfishermen made considerable out-

cry last year about the number of sharks that appeared off the coast at various points near New York, and timid bathers came to be scared at the appearance of every piece of floating wood that tossed up its splintered nose like a dorsal fin. This year there are, at a moderate computation, ten times as many sharks as there were last year, and during the last two weeks certain sections of the lower bay have been alive with them. One fisherman, named Murray, rowing in from weakfishing off Princess Bay, carelessly left his string of weakfish trailing over the side of the boat. A shark rushed alongside and nipped the string in half as clean as if with a knife. Murray says it was such a big one that it nearly upset his Whitehall boat, but the lurch was probably due in a great measure to his weight when the fish startled him. Be this as it may, many sharks have been seen around the Great Kills, and at South Amboy, at the upper end of the lower bay, the waters have been teaming with them. Two weeks ago the two Mundy brothers, who

are well known among local fishermen, were at work drawing in their big seine when a great splashing told them that something was there which had no business inside a scine. Fearing serious damage to the meshes, they procured help, and carefully drew the large net further up, to find that there was a school of sharks in it. The net could not be pulled up, so a shark hook was procured, and a handle and some good stout line were attached. Then one of the Mundy's waded into the shallow water inside the seine and jabbed the hook under one of the sharks, while the fellows outside hauled on the slack. In this way they cleared the lot out, ten of them; not harmless shovel poses, but good old-fashloned surf sharks. Although the summer resort people will say that such sharks do not hurt bathers, most people with only one set of limbs would prefer not to take chances.

The number of sharks set some of the people n vacation to guessing, and several parties have been made up to go shark fishing. They have had varying success, but most of the boats have had at least a strike for their trouble, while one boat killed seven ir, about the same number of hours. This was a party with a SUN eporter aboard. The outfit was a cat-rigged shipjack, eighteen feet in length and about six feet in beam, carrying a good big sail, and about four hundred pounds of sand bag ballast. She was as stiff as a church by reason of her sharpie-like lines, which let her co over just so far and no further. New halliards were put in with for ard runners. She was provided with two or three boat hooks with good well-sharpened hooks, a club or two lay where they would be handy, and but one revolver was allowed aboard for fear of accidents, and that was handled by the Captain, an old-time traveller. There was a hole in the centreboard post to which a stout clothes line

an old-time traveller. There was a hole in the centreboard post to which a stout clothes line was attached, and at the bow was fixed a large-sized hook which was at some time part of a ferry boat's equipment. Attached to the end of the line was a large shark hook with a leader of about eight foot of small chain. The bait was a piece of fresh pork about a foot long by five inches square, to which was tled and skewered a large spilt moss-bunker or menhaden.

Hunning down the bay, past the Orchard Shoal Light, the main channel was struck and crossed, and a course land for the Jersey shore right along the shoal water to which the tide was now slowly running in against the light wind. In about haif an hour there was a grab at the bait, a decided strike, and then for a minute it seemed that every body was in the way of every-body else, and all hands were scrambling. The line ran out, the man at the tiller snoeped her up into the wind, some one grabbed the line and litted it over the hook forward, and as it immediately tightened away went the boat right across the bay for Tottenville, South Amboy and the shoal waters. Taik about being towed by a tarpon, it is nothing to a lower bay shark. Sharks pull like tugboats and draw a light cat along with the greatest ease so long as the first flush of their strength lasts. The Captain said that some of them, if hooked without the appliance on the bow, will almost pull a small sharple over on her beam ends. Any way, this shark pulled along at a lively rate, now up the bay, now across then down toward Great Kills.

The Captain turned his cud of tobacco in his mouth and piped all hands for a fifteen minutes' spoke.

"There will be nothing to do until he tires but

smoke.
"There will be nothing to do until he tires but just steer," said be; "so we may as well take it ensy."
"Caught many sharks?" asked one of the party.
"Pretty fair, pretty fair," was the reply: "not "Pretty fair, pretty fair," was the reply: "not don' as many as Uncle Abe Applegate, 'cos' I don' make no specialty of the derned, pesky critters, but quite a mess, quite a mess. Uncle Abe he likes to git one and steer him so the folks on

likes to git one and steer him so the folks on shore can see him steer him up and down, and when he weakens he hits him with a club. He sout for glory as well as dollars. I get 'em 'cos' I hate 'eth, and 'cos' I sell 'em." Here the cut turned over. "What are they worth? Well, the farmers buy 'em fer fert'lizer at if' cents to sent' cents each, 'cordia' to size; but they let 'em most rot 'fore they come for 'em, an' a man with a feeble stomach fluis the business tryin. That's where Uncle Abe has us. He likes their smell.

"The queerest lick at shark catching I ever not in was about five years ago. I was sailin' up the Narrows to Tompkinsville for some stores, and one of our new crusters was a laying the here for a day or so, and as I luffed close up to her to look at her there was a dandy little feller looking over the side, and we kinder got inter conversation. Says he, 'There are sharks in the bay, I hear,' and I sail 'Sure.' He says, 'Give me your name and address, and I'll be with yer to-morrow,' and I did, and the next day he came down with a queer little box under his arm that I thought was a licker case until I see the ends, where there was some contraptions sticking out. 'So you're not a sporty boy,' thinks I. 'Then wot is the matter with yer?'

"Well, it was no business of mine, and after he looks at my hook and line we got into the beat and with a slow what started to drop down from Tottenville on the last of the ebb. I was a steerin' and not taking nuch notice when I caught sight of his Nibs monkeyin' with the hook and line. He wound a long copper wire all around the line and right down to the hook, and steer in' and not taking nuch notice when I caught sight of his Nibs monkeyin' with the hook and line. He wound a long copper wire all around the line and right down to the hook, and steer in' and not taking nuch notice when I caught sight of his Nibs monkeyin' with the hook and line. He wound a long copper wire all around the line and right down to the hook, and when I said 'so' he dropped it werboard

ends round a wire stickin out from the box, and when I said 'so' he dropped it overboard an 'our fishing begun.

"I never said nuthin'. It was his picule. If he wanted shark his way, why it wor all right, and 'specially as he seemed like to get one with any luck. We went right across to the Jersey Flats and trimmed up and down for an hour or more, and I thought it was all up for the day when with a terrible rush a big ten or twelve footer grabbed us and the cruisier man he hauled onto the line, never heeding me telling him to let it run until we near went over with the brute. It seemed he wanted to look at him, an' sure he did, for he turns to me and says:

"Ten feet if an inch,' an' started to rub his hand an' say: 'I bo they ever get away from you after once hooked?'

"'Not once in a dozen,' says!.

"Then he may tow us a while,' says he, an' lafts."

So we were towed for a few minutes and his "So we were towed for a few minutes and his nits says:
"Stand in for the shallows an' I'll show you how I catch shark."
"So always willin' to learn I stood in for the shallows, and when we were in about iour feet of water he hauls on the line until the fish was about forty yards away and says:
""Watch her Cap," ar," with that he shoves down a little handle in his box, an' biff! went something at the can of the line, and I tell you something at the can of the line, and I tell you have a minute or so it lost ranged shark, and

have booked another shark for him for \$5 with
his derived contraptions. Science was 1;
Never got the smed out of the beat for five
weeks, and couldn't even catch claims with a
rake. Steady there, for arti git the claims and
the hooks; he's about tired out, I guess? and
with that the crew hadled in the rope, hit the
brute over the head, labbed a boathook into
him, and then, to the dismay of at least two of
the party, hauled him in and set off again.

The Uncle Abe of this story lives at South
Ambey, and has a mania for shark fishing. Directly they come into the bay he is after them,
and he loves to be towed up and down in the
preschee of an admiring concourse of stimmer
visitors and fishermen. They have all a good
word for him, for the have these vormions
fish work among the weaklish and bluefish is
not small.

Any one who wants to try a kind of fishing

not small.

Any one who wants to try a kind of fishing novel in these waters may get it by going to south Amboy or any point along the bay and hiring a sharple to take a turn out for sharks. There are plenty in the bay, but, to make agree of run of some kind, the fisherman would do well to take a weakish rig along some crabs, and some killies for fluke. Also a well-filled lunch leaded, nainted green for proference. basket, painted green for preference.

RENAN'S MEMORIES OF HIS SISTER.

Henriette Renan's Sacrifices Brother's Education - The "Life of Jesus" Due to Her Devotion-The Newly Published Account of the Life and Common Work of Brother and Stater.

Pants, July 22.- In 1883, in the preface to his Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," Ernest Renan spoke Mus: "The person who had the greatest influence on my life -I mean my sister Henriette-has almost no place in this book. In September, 1862, a year after the death of that precious friend, I wrote for the few persons who had known her a little book sacred to her memory. Only a hundred copies were printed. My sister was so modest, she had such aversion to the noise of the world, that I should have thought I saw her reproaching me from her tomb if I had given those pages to the public. At times I have had the thought of joining them to this volume. Then it seemed to me that there would be a kind of profanation in that. The little book about my slater was



MLLE. HENRIETTE BENAN.

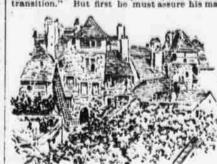
read with sympathy by a few persons who had kindly feelings toward her and toward me. I must not expose a memory that is holy to me to the rough criticisms which form part of the rights a man acquires over a book when he buys it. It seemed to me that in inserting these pages on my sister in a volume offered for sale I should be acting as badly as if I exposed her portrait for sale in an auction room. The book will, therefore, not be reprinted till after I am dead. Perhaps, then, there may be added to it a few letters from my friend which I shall select myself."

In a codicil to his will, dated Nov. 4, 1888. Renan wrote: "My wife will decide in what form my little volume of recollections of my sister, Henriette, shall be made public." Death having prevented Mme. Renan from carrying out her husband's wishes, it is M. Ary Renan, his son, the well-known painter, who has attended to them, and has in consequence brought out a new edition of "Ma sour Henriette." The book, published by Calmann Lévy, is charming, simply and gracefully gotten up, as should be a monument erected to a beloved memory It is adorned with many designs by Ary Renan and Henry Scheffer, brother of Mme, Renan, and of Ary Scheffer, the painter, and by portraits of Ernest Renan, when a young man and of Henriette Renan. The pictures represent the house in which Renan was born at Tréguler; the cloister and cathedral of Tréguier, under whose shadow the future author of the "Vie de Jesus" was brought up, and the house at Amschit in Syria, in which Repan and his sister lived so long during the period of the mission given him by Napoleon III., where Mile, Renan died of fever,

Renan's father was a sailor. He was drawn into large speculations. Not at all fitted for tusiness, simple and uncalculating, constantly becked by that timidity which makes of a saller a veritable child in practical life, he saw his fortune sink little by little into an abysa whose depths he could not measure. His sentimental and weak nature could not hold out against such trials; he withdrew gradually his stake in life. "My sister watched hour by hour." We were talking in his large studie, 6 Rue de Wal de Grace, a few steps from the house where his father spent the years that he looked upon and misfortune worked upon that sweet and gentle soul, lost in forms of occupation that did not belong to it. She acquired a sketch of him by Zoru, his bust and that of

been led by the absolute sincerity of her convic-

does into a similar condition of mind. "When told her of the doubts that tortured me and mad t my duty to abandon a career where absolute faith is necessary," writes Renan, "she was de ighted, and offered to help me in this difficul transition." But first lie must assure his ma



HOUSE AT TRIGUIES, IN BRITTANY, WHERE HENAN WAS BORN,

HOUSE AT TRUGUIER, IN BRITTANY, WHERE BREAS WAS BORN,

terial existence. He entered a boarding school, where he obtained food and lodging for his services. Mile, Reman added to this 1,200 france, all her savings. "Those i, 300 frances were the corper stone of my life. I never used them all, but they gave me the tranquillity of mind necessary for me to think at my case, and saved me from overburdening myself with hack work that would have stifted me."

The year 1850 was at last to reunite brother and sister. Then began in that house, No. 7 in the Rue du Val de Grace, retired and quiet, a life of common work, Mile. Renan had nequired a very fine education, to which her brother devotes pages in which he shows treasures of affectionate emotion. "Our solitude was absolute. She had no acquaintances and did not try to make any. Our windows opened on the garden of the Carmelites of the Rue of Enfer. The life of those recluses, during the long hours I suent at the library, in a way requisited hers and was her only amusement. Our views on Got and the world were in general identical. There was no sande, howsoever delicate, in the theories I was then forming that she did not understand. On many points of modern history which she had studied in the sources she was nhead of me. The general plan of my career, the design to be infexibly sincere, that I was forming was so much the combined product of our two consciences that had I been tempted to prove false to it she would have been near me, like another part of myself, to recall me to my duty. Her share in the direction of my ideas was thus very extensive. "So we lived for six years, a life of very high and pure thoughts."

So we lived for six years, a life of very high and pure thoughts."
It will be easily understood what the fear of the rivalry of another woman's affection must have meant to this loving soul. When Renan came to tell his sister that he was trying to win the hand of Mile. Cornelle Scheffer, the niece of Ary Scheffer, he was so upset that he would have given up his plans if Mile. Renan had not succeeded in drawing from her devotion the courage not only to get the better of her feelings, but even to love the woman who was to become her sister.

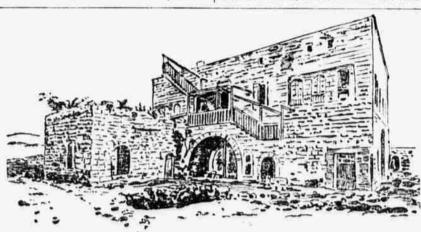
her sister.
Intrusted in 1860 with a scientific mission to Phoenicia, Renan took his sister with him. In Phoenicia, Renan took his sister with him. In the course of the journey they both contracted the Syrian fever, with which he was to suffer cruelly and of which Mile. Henriette Renan was to die in the little village of Amschit. "There she still is," wrote her brother in 1863, "I hesi-



ERNEST RENAN AT 37. From a pleture by his brother-in-law, Henry Scheffer.

tate to take her away from those beautiful mountains where she spent such pleasant hours, from among the people who loved her, to place her in our gloomy cemeteries that filled her with horror. Undoubtedly I desire that some day she shall be near me; but who can tell in what corner of the world be will rest. Let her wait for me under the palm trees of Amschit, in the land of ancient mosteries, near sucred Byblos.

I was recently visiting Ary Renan, son of the illustrious thinker, himself a painter of great merit, on whom the Government has lately conferred the cross of the Legion of Honor, on account of his beautiful ideal picture exhibited at this year's Salon in the Champ de Mars. I have had the honor for many years of being his friend. tate to take her away from those beautiful



RENAN'S QUARTERS AT AMSCRIT, IN SYRIA, WHERE RENRIETTE BENASIDED.

STATE SENATORIAL CANDIDATES. | It is this consideration which has led strongly to The Office Made Unusually Attractive This Year by the Three Years Term.

The term of State Senators elected this year begins in January, 1896, and does not terminate until the next Legislature adjourns sine die in the year 1800. Heretofore State Senators have been elected for the term of two years, and many of them have found a hard-fought canmany of them have found a hard-fought can-tass to be an expensive political laxury, espe-cially in view of the fact that the State pays its Senators only \$1,500 a year, while Congressmon reserve \$5,000 and other fext-slators are in many States pant in proportion. Prior to the late Con-situational Conventions a movement was on foot-to-raise the pay of New York State Schutors from \$1,500 to \$3,000, but as the rate situtional Convention a movement was on foot to raise the pay of New York State Senators from \$1,500 to \$3,000, but as the rate of salary is fixed by the State Constitution it can only be changed by the direct action of the voters, and the Republicans, who were unexpectedly, it is true in a majority in the Constitutional Convention, were apprehensive that if they submitted a proposition increasing the mainries of members of both Senate and Assembly, in a period of hard time, it would evoke such opposition as might lead to would evoke such opposition as might lead to the rejection of the new Constitution entirely. So they left out the provision for increase of salary, and the present rate must continue un-il another Constitutional Convention is held, twenty years hence. The salary of \$1.500, it is conceded, is totally

precocious maturity from that barsh experisence. From the age of 12 she was a grave young woman, worn with cares, burdened with serious thoughts and gloomy forebodings." One day the ship commanded by Renan's father came home without its Cantain. No one ever knew whether it was suicide or accident. The sea gave up the body. "It was buried in the rands, where twice a day the waves come to visit it."

"From that moment," says the author of "Ma secur Henriette, "our condition was peretty." One of Ernest's brothers, his senied by fifteen years, went to Paris to seek his fortune, while Henriette, only it? years old, undertook to bring up her little five-year-old brother, gave lessons, and provided with difficulty for the necessities of life. A suntor presented himself, but she refused to marry, considering herself bound to look after her younger brother. At last she left home, going to Pareis in the hope of carning more money, and in 1838 called Ernest Renau to her there and made him enter the little seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, directed then by M. Dupanhoup, later the celebrated histop of Orleans.

But another separation was to occur: Mile, Reman, wishing to pay in full the debts left hy the diaastrous speculations of her father, accepted a place as governess in the family of the Count Zamowski's, a rich Polish family, whose home was the castle of Clemensow in Austria. It was during this absence that the religious crisis giving up the presst's career. His sister hall

It is this consideration which has led already to a lively culve as for nonmostices it many districts, and now no day presers without new candidate being entered in Sectional contests, especially in those districts where the true is a comparatively sure thing. Among some the publicates of the broosfield variety it is understood that Affred R. Page, who recent by resigned his office as contest to the Excise Board, will be a conduct to the Excise Board, will be a conduct to the Science Board will be a conduct for State Senator in the Nineteenth Senator at district. Mr. Page is an active fequilibrate, and district. Mr. Page is an active fequilibrate, and district. Two of the fequilibrate being district. Two of the fermion Poince district which is those Fairly for the senator in the Board with a second district. Two of the fermion Poince district for Senatorial though those Fairly for the historial which had long since stake for Senatorial though those Fairly for the Maristrate bill annuance themselves as candidates for Senatorial knows Fairly for the Maristrate bill annuance themselves as candidates for Senatorial though though the overtices of the stater has a shall and unstable bemorrate lead, which had not be fright-with district. The forture is average leading the feature had described and the second of the numbers of the present late of the members of the present late of the second of the present late that sectors of the present late of the present late of the core described to shall end the second of the present late of the late of the present late of the p

ASTRUGGLE WITH A WHALE

UNLOOKED-FOR SPORT ON BOARD A SWORDFISH STEAM YACHT.

The Monster of the Deep Caught Asleep Of Block Island and a Lonce Plunged Into It Up to the Hilt-The Steamer Towed at a Terrific Speed Twenty Miles to Sen, Until the Line Parted and the Whale Plunged Beneath the Waves.

BLOCK ISLAND, Aug. 8 .- The crew of the leasure and sword fish steam yacht Ocean lew, together with two rosy-cheeked maidens from the Nutmeg and Bay States, had a real whale hunt a day or two ago in the waters off this island, and glorious sport it was.

In the party, besides the rough-and-ready mariners, were Miss Louise M. Bliss of Spring-field, Mass.; Miss M. A. Taylor, of Enfield, Conn., and I., W. Taylor of Binghamton, N. Y., and they had sailed from the island "Basin" at break of day on the tight and taut and jaunty craft for a day's sport with kingly game on the swordfish grounds, twenty miles to the east. Swordfishing is in itself thrilling and perilous sport, almost as exciting as tiger stalking, and the bronzed tars of the yacht smiled grimly at the adventurous young ladles, accounting them brave because they had ventured forth to tackle

the giant game.
They had no idea then, to be sure, as the cockle-shell boat rounded the storm break-water and breasted the ocean billows, of the hardy and hazardous adventure in store for them, but that is the story. Stalwart Capt. Ed Dodge, one of the hardiest

and cleverest skippers in these stormy waters, was at the helm of the Ocean View, and had laid her course nearly due east.

It was about 9:30 A. M., and the craft was topping the tumbling waves eight miles or more southeast of famous "Southeast Light" of the island, its white walls glimmering dimly through the blue land haze.

The boat bowled merrily along, Skipper Dodge idly humming snatches of nautical songs. Near by on the stern seat the Yankee girls chatted as vivaciously as sea birds; the sailors lounged about the decks.

Suddenly, with a cry, the Captain leaped nimbly out of his seat, all excitement and alertness, and, clinging to his tiller with one hand, pointed sharply with the other across the bows of his craft.

An instant later his guests also were on their feet, trembling with excitement and curiosity, gazing with all their eyes straight out to sea, where a huge rounded hulk lay like an island on the surface of the ocean, motionless, not an eighth of a mile distant from the vessel's side. "A whale!" cried the Captain huskily, "and

by the hopping "-something or other nauticalwe've got him, sure's I live! Now, then, ladies, if you can stand the pressure, you'll see some fun." The ladies were more than willing to risk the pressure, and said so promptly. They had

eased to chatter, however, and now and then one giggled with a sort of hysterical glee and inxious wonderment But Capt. Dodge had not been asleep at the

heim; he had swiftly swung the bow of his craft toward the leviathan, and it swept down toward him as straight as an arrow from s crossbow On slid the slim, lean boat across the capping

billows, and presently the skipper surrendered his heimsman's place to his mate and ran his heimsman's place to his mate and ran nimbly forward into his lofty swordfish "pulpit" of iron spindles in the bowsprit.

There, girt about with slender supports in his perch, like a Church of England vicar in his pulpit, with harmon and long, slender lances in rests along the sprit at his feet, Capt. Ed. Dodge was driven straight to his dozing game.

Now the vessel was separated by less than half its length from the monster, which lay as lifeless and unwieldy, seemingly, as a buge brown scow on the breast of the sea, and still it moved not.

moved not.

The craft ploughed onward with unabated speed, Capt. Bodge standing erect in his perch, harpon uplifted high above his head. Suddenly the steersman drove his wheel about, the yacht's prior swung away from the dark wall in its path and went coursing along the side of

harpson uplifted high above his head. Suddenly the steersman drove his wheel about, the yacht's prow swung away from the dark wall in its path and went coursing along the side of the giant fish.

Then with a tremendous thrust the keen-eyed skipper drove his weapon home. Into the fat, quivering mountain of flesh the iron sank, and its tapering head was buried twelve inches deep in the whale's back. Under the impact of the blow the mountain shook in a convulsive three, and the next instant so suddenly it all happened the landsmen on the vessel hardly realized it—it seemed as if the sea opened in a mighty fissure and with a resounding crash.

They saw momentarily a great form-crested whirlpool about the wounded whale, in the midst of which the black mass spundizzily, like a broken-winged loon.

midst of which the black mass spundizzly, like a broken-winged loon.

Fifty fathoms of five-eighths-inch thick rope, with a harrel at the end of it, was attached to the barbed harmon. The instant the iron was driven and the while the skilled striven and the while the skilled striven is the barbed point, and away the enraged monster, in a waste of foareing billows, bounded,

the barbert particion. The instant the from was driven into the whole the skilful skipper suitched the horpoon handle clear of its barbed point, and away the emaged monster, in a waste of foarming billows, bounded, the buoyant barrel disshing after it at lightning speed. For fifty rods the whale drove onward, its wake a cataract of foarm, and the big barrel dancing, leaping, bounding after it, like a madcapocean imp.

Then, suidenly, without a premonitory movement, the monster halted, the sea opened in a hollow cave, and down it dived line its depths. It was gone a long time, and the reaming wake gradually resolved their find the even, undulating dark green ocean billows, but the barrel remained on the surface of the sea, bobbing and ducking, drifting almiessly.

The whole was gone so long, in fact, that the fair passengers feel to chattering again, and cuessed it had gone to Mr. Jones's locker surely; but after fifteen minutes or so it burst out of the sea with a learning belief in the heavy craft through the waves as readily as an unbroken country coll small resulted in the drift of the waves as readily as an unbroken country coll smaller halters in clump the heavy craft through the waves as readily as an unbroken country coll smaller halters, and the skipper becan to take the repe warrit, winking it hard and wen about the ve-sel's cleats. He and his men took in the waves as freedy as dumsy jocker size.

After their minutes, though, of the head-long locamotion, the whale shawed sizes of dight wearmers, and the skipper becan to take the repe warrity, winking it hard and see about the ve-sel's cleats. He and his men took in twee warrity winking it hard and see about the ve-sel's cleats. He and his men took in twenty fathons, then paused to take a breath.

The Capitan glanced at his war in it marked 1:00 t. M. and he were to make the minutes for a minute strength of the fathor of